Emelie Hall

The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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The Little Boy's Watch.

DEAR little Dick, curled up by the fire,
Sat watching the shadows come and go,
As the dancing flames leaped higher and higher,
Flooding the room with a mellow glow.

His chubby hand on his side was pressed,
And he turned for a moment a listening ear;
"Mother!" cried he, "I've got a watch!
I can feel it ticking right under here!"

"Yes, Dick; 'tis a watch that God has made,
To mark your hours as they fly away;
He holds the key in his mighty hand,
And keeps it in order night and day.

"Should he put aside the mystic key,
Or lay his hand on the tiny spring,
The wheels would stop, and your watch run down
And lie in your bosom a lifeless thing."

He crept to my side, and whispered soft'
While hie baby voice had an awe-struck sound,
"I wish you would ask him, mother dear,
To be sure and remember to keep it wound!"

—*Apples of Gold.*

Some Day.

SOME day, we say, and turn our eyes
Toward the far hills of Paradise.
Some day, some time, a sweet, new rest,
Shall blossom, flower like, in each breast.

Some time, some day, our eye shall see
The faces kept in memory.

Some day their hands shall clasp our hands
Just over in the Morning Lands.

Some day our ears shall hear the song
Of triumph over sin and wrong.

Some day, some time, but oh! not yet:
But we will wait and not forget,

That, some day, all these things shall be,
And rest be given to you and me.

So wait, my friend; though years move slow,
The happy time will come, we know.

For the Myrtle.

Learning to Swim.

IN TWO PARTS,
PART I.

SHALL we go to the seaside this summer papa?" said little Effie Mendall to her father one day in June.

"Yes, darling," he replied. "When the hot July days come, we will be up and away."

"And how long shall we stay?"

"Oh I cannot tell that now. Probably through July and August."

"And shall I go with you? and Sammy too?" said Timmy who was playing near enough to where his father was sitting, to have heard the conversation.

"Certainly," Mr. Mendall replied. "When did we ever leave any of our children behind when we went away for the summer?"

Effie and Timmy danced about on the grass with delight, at this intelligence, though they had known for a long time that they were to accompany their parents this season to the sea side, as they had done for several summers before.

"And will you teach me to swim this summer?" said Effie.

"Yes," said Mr. Mendall, "I promised you last summer that you should go into the water another season if you lived."

"Oh, won't that be delightful?" said Effie. "When I have learned to swim we can go into the water every day?"

"You'll never know how to swim as we boys do," said Timmy with an air of great pomposity.

"What's the reason I won't?" said Effie.

"Because girls can't do things as boys can."

"Oh fie," said Effie, "I'll let you see whether they can, when we get to the sea. I mean to swim better than any boy that was ever in the water."

"It's very likely that you'll do that."

"Well you shall see, when we get there. I don't know why I can't swim as well as you do. I can fly a kite, and play ball, and do all the other things that we do, as well as you can."

"When did you ever fly a kite?"

"Last summer, when I was with mother at Uncle Ben's."

"I thought it was never done here."

"Well, what is the difference between my doing it here or at Uncle Ben's, I'd like to know?"

"Not any difference in your doing it here or there, but some difference in my knowing whether you do it as well as I do."

"You can ask mother if I didn't fly the kite as well as any boy could have done—and better too," Effie added after a moment's hesitation.

"I know better. And I *will* ask mother about it."

"Well, ask her, I am perfectly willing that you should."

Just at this moment Mrs. Mendall appeared in the garden, and walked near where the children were playing.

"What are you disputing about?" she asked as she drew near.

"Why Effie—"

"Why Timmy—"

They both began to speak at the same instant, and Mrs. Mendall said,

"Let us have one at a time."

"Well, let me speak first, wont you mamma?" said Timmy.

"No, me, mother," said Effie.

"Haven't boys a right to come before girls? said Timmy.

"Why no indeed," said Effie, "ladies always come before gentlemen, don't they mother?"

"This is a curious dispute," said Mrs. Wendall.

"Well I think I have a right to tell my side of the story first."

"And *I* think I have," said Effie.

"I shall have to be umpire," said Mrs. Mendall. "And as Timmy is the oldest, I guess that must give him the preference, and he may speak first."

"That's just the way," said Effie, pouting, Boys always have the most, and the best, and the first, of every thing. I don't know for my part why girls shouldn't be first some times."

"I didn't decide for Jimmy because he was a boy. But because he was the oldest."

"Well that's just it," said Effie, "He's no business to be the oldest. I'd just as good a right to be the oldest as he had. You went and let him be born first, and ever since he has had every thing first."

"Why, my little girl is in an unreasonable mood this afternoon," said Mrs. Mendall, laughing.

"That's just what we were disputing about when you came up."

"No it wasn't what we were disputing about either."

"Come! Come!" said Mrs. Mendall, "I cannot allow this. You must speak one at a time, and I cannot permit you Effie, to interrupt your brother again. You will have your turn after he is done speaking. Till then, I must insist on your silence."

"That's just the way," said Effie in a whisper. I'm as good as he is. And I'll have my say, sometime, first."

Mrs. Mendall seemed not to hear Effie's muttering, but said, "Go on Timmy."

"When you came, we were talking about whether girls could do things as well as boys. Effie is going to learn to swim this summer, and I said she couldu't swim as well as a boy, if she did learn. And, she said she could do everything as well as a boy could do it."

"Well, I can," Effie interrupted.

"Hush" said Mrs, Mendall. "Go on Timmy."

"She said, she could play ball as well as I could.

"Well, I can," said Effie.

"My child," said Mrs. Mendall, "I shall be obliged to send you away till Timmy has finished speaking, if you don't bridle your tongue better."

"Well, I can. I can do everything else as well as he can, and I can get a word in edgeways a good deal better than the boys can."

Mr. Mendall who had been sitting on one of the garden seats, a little way from the group, reading, had yet kept an ear out to the conversation. He now broke out into a hearty laugh, and said:

"There you have it wife. The world in min-

iature. Women, the world over, are doing the same thing, that this child is doing. They claim to do everything as well as men. And at least they can get their word in edge-ways easier than men can. That is true, they can talk better and faster than any of us."

"Thank you, for the admission" said Mrs. Mendall, laughing. The rock of injustice will be shivered in pieces some day, when enough word-wedges have been driven into it. But I am holding a court here, and I must go on examining my witnesses.

Timmy have you finished what you were intending to say?"

"No mother."

"Well, go on then."

"Effie said just before you came to us, that she could fly a kite as well as I could; and when I told her that I didn't believe she ever did fly a kite in her life, she said she did, when she was at Uncle Ben's last summer; and that you would say that she did fly it as well as any boy could have done."

Timmy paused here, and Effie had her lips open to say.

"Well I did."

When Mrs. Mendall checked her, and asked,

"Are you done speaking Timmy?"

"Yes. But before you let Effie speak, I wish you would tell me whether she did fly the kite at Uncle Ben's, and if she did, whether she did it as well as we boys could have done it.

"We boys" said Effie between her teeth.

"I will withhold my opinion until I have heard Effie's side of the story. If you are done, Effie may speak now."

"I don't want to speak much," said Effie.

"I said what he says I said, and I will stick to it. I did fly the kite— and just as well as 'we boys' could have done it,' and I can do everything else as well as 'we boys' and I am going to learn to swim, and I'll swim *better* than *we boys*, or I won't swim at all."

When Effie ceased speaking, Mrs. Mendall said pleasantly,

"Now it is my turn to speak. We shall soon see whether Effie can make her words good about the swimming; for if the days keep as hot as this, we will be away to the seaside next week.

As to the kite flying, I remember that she did fly the kite at Uncle Ben's, and that her uncle said she was as handy with it as a boy.

"Not much praise," Effie interrupted crustily.

"We shall see what your future will bring." said the mother not appearing to notice the interruption.

"My boys and my girls shall have equal opportunities. Whichever can excel, may. Time shall decide that.

"No time shan't, I'll decide it myself" said Effie. *E. M. B.*

Temperance in the Bible.

Who was first intoxicated? Gen. ix: 20, 21.

Who took the first pledge? Judges xiii. 13, 14.

Did anybody mentioned in the Bible ever take the pledge of his own accord? Dan. i. 8.

Was he any healthier or wiser in consequence? Dan. i. 15, 17.

Ought kings to drink wine? Prov. xxxi. 4.

Ought ministers to drink wine? Lev. x. 9.

Ought we to make companions of drunkards? 1 Cor. v. 11.

Can any drunkard enter the kingdom of Heaven? 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10.

Does God pronounce any woe upon drunkards? Isaiah v. 11, 22.

Why has he pronounced this woe? Isa. xxviii. 7, 8.

Are drunkards likely to get rich? Prov. xxi. 17.

What are consequences of drinking? Prov. xxiii. 29, 30.

How may we avoid these consequences? Prov. xxii. 31.

What will be the result if we disregard this advice? Prov. xxiii. 22.

Is it wise to tamper with strong drink? Prov. xx. 1.

Where was the first temperance society? Jer. xxxv. 6, 8.

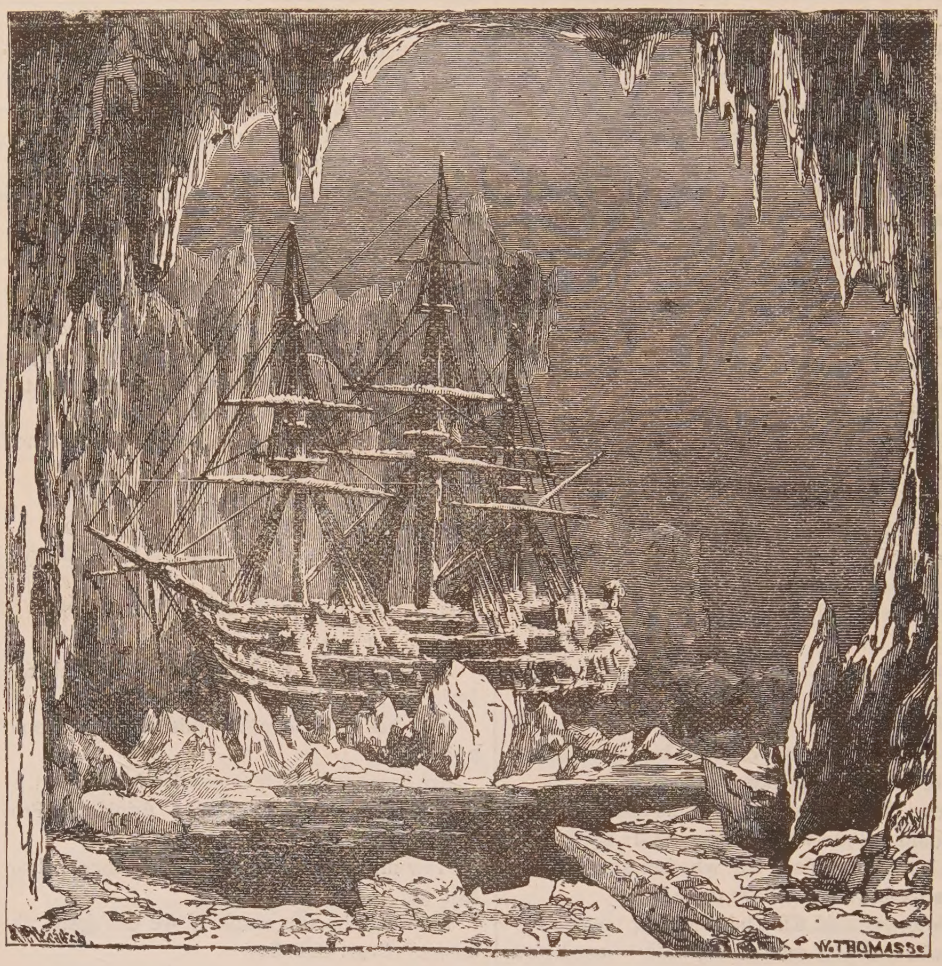
What blessing did God prononnce upon the first temperance society? Jer. xxxv. 18, 19.

Is intemperance a vice? Gal. v. 21.

When is temperance a virtue? Gal. v. 22.

Tobacco and opium were not known when the Bible was written, so that they are not mentioned by name in the Bible; but is there anything in the Bible that governs all intemperate habits? Rom. xiv. 21.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

REVERENCE the highest, have patience with the lowest. Let this day's performance of the meanest duty be thy religion. Are the stars too distant, pick up the pebble that lies at thy feet and from it learn all.—*Margaret Fuller.*



For the Myrtle.

It Came no More.

THERE was a summer not long ago
When a ship sailed out from shore,
And the laughing waves around its prow
Seemed proud os the freight they bore.

Then every spar was staunch and strong,
And every sail was new,
And the captain had chosen from many among
A trusty and faithful crew.

And they thought with joy of the happy time
When the danger would all be past,
And they should return from the foreign clime
With fortune and fame at last.

But like many a hope that has died before,
These hopes all died away,
For the men sailed over those tides no more
And the ship had no coming day.

For far away in the ice king's grip,
It was caught, and held for aye,
And the mourning, mourn for the missing ship
And the men who sailed that day. *E. M. B.*

Japanese Little Folks.

During more than half a years residence in Japan, I have never seen a quarrel among young or old. I have never seen a blow struck, scarcely an angry face. I have seen the children at their sports, flying their kites on the hills, and no amount of their intertangled strings or kites lodged in the trees provoked angry words of impatience. I have seen them intent on their games of jackstones and marbles under the shaded gateways of the temples; but have never seen an approach to a quarrel among them. They are taught implicit obedience to parents; I have never seen one of them chastised. Respect and reverence to the aged is universal. A crying child is a rarity seldom heard or seen. We have nothing to teach them out of our abundant civili-

zation. I speak what I know of the little folks of Japan, for more than any other foreigner I have been among them.

Of all that Japan holds, there is nothing I like half so well as the happy children. I shall always remember their sloe-black eyes and ruddy brown faces, with pleasure. I have played battledore with the little maidens in the street, and have helped fly kites in the fields with as happy a set of boys as one could wish to see. They have been my guides in my rambles, shown me where all the streams and ponds were, where the flowers lay hid in the thicket, where the berries were ripening on the hills; they brought me shells from the ocean and blossoms from the field, presenting them with all the modesty and a less bashful grace than a young American boy would do. We have hunted the fox-holes together, and we have looked for the green and golden ducks among the sedge. They have laughed at my broken Japanese and taught me better; and for a good-natured happy set of children, I will turn out my little Japanese friends against the world. God bless the boys and girls of Niphon!—*Sel.*

Drink and Work.

"I drink to make me work," said a young man. To which an old man replied,

"That's right: thee drink, and it will make thee work. I'll tell thee something that may do thee good. I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a good loving wife, and two fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home, and lived happily together. But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have now laid in drunkards' graves. My wife died broken-hearted; and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy years of age. Had it not been for the drink, I might have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work; and, mark, it makes me work now. At seventy years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink, drink, and it will make you work!"

For the Myrtle.

Tombs in India.

"Oh mother have you time to stop your sewing for one moment and look at this picture, and tell me what it is?"

"Yes my child, I am always willing to lay aside my work, when by doing so I can help my little daughter. Bring the paper to me, and I will see if I can tell you what you wish to know."

Mary ran quickly to her mother holding up the paper, and saying:

"Here it is mother. A number of great curious buildings which look, as the top of the State House would look if it were cut off and set on the ground."

"Oh yes, my dear. Those are tombs,"

"Tombs mother?" Why that is very curious. They do not look at all like any tombs that I have ever seen."

"No they are not at all like tombs in this country. These are in India where the costliest and most beautiful tombs in the world are found. The domes are pure white, and the buildings on which they stand, are ornamented with many colored tiles which glitter in the the sun.

They are splendidly ornamented inside. The body is laid on a carved marble platform under the center of the dome.

Incense is burned in these tombs, and fakirs sit on the marble floors and sing out of the Koran, swaying to and fro as they read, just as the Jews do at their synagogue-service.

These people buried in these splendid tombs were Mohamedans, and their worship was not at all like our simple beautiful Christian worship?"

"I don't know," said Mary, "but I should like to be a Mohammedan, if I could be buried in a tomb as beautiful as these."

"Would not my little daughter rather be a Christian, and by obeying the Saviour, live a life so beautiful, that its memory shall be a monument fairer than ever was built with human hands?"

"Oh yes mother. I would rather be remembered by good deeds, than by a splendid tomb."

"Then live well my child every day and you will leave this blessed memory. *E. M. B.*

My Baby.

BABY, my baby, my darling!
As I ponder my newly-won bliss,
As I bask in thy beautiful being,
And kiss thee with kiss upon kiss,
I wonder how earth ever charmed me,
How its joys to me seemed so divine;
Those joys I now measure as human,
Since this one I know is divine!

O baby, my cherub, my darling!
Whose "coo" is the sweetest of things;
I wonder if ever such music,
So perfect was born without wings;
And I tremble with rap urr to listen,
So dread I the pinions—ah, me!
But no! the good God is no mocker,
And he gave thee, sweet baby, to me,

O baby, my queen and my darling,
Thou rulest and liftest me so,
Exalting my soul to its highest,
God gave thee thy sceptre, I know
From his throne in the uppermost heavens
Thou hast come to our home from afar,
And the light of it leadeth me upward
And onward as leadeth a star.

O baby, my baby, my darling!
Queen, cherub and star though thou be,
No sign to express thee seems worthy,
When thou art all sweetness to me!
In thy voice is the song of the morning;
In thy fingers is touch of delight;
In thy smile is the glory of sunshine;
In thyself—oh, thyself is delight!

Dear baby, my baby, my darling!
Love, love is incarnate at last—
The love that was thrilled into promise.
The love that grew strong as it passed
Into blossom so mystic and holy;
We give it the sweet name of child—
Two beings in one made completer,
A baby—our darling, our child!

—*Christian Uniod.*

An Incipient Raphael.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: A Cass avenue father procured an outfit of oil paints and brushes for his eight year old son the other day, the lad having developed a talent for drawing. Little was seen of the boy for two or three days, and then he led them into the parlor, and triumphantly pointed to the proofs of his artistic skill. The gilt paper on the walls formed a fine ground work for him, and he had painted a horse over one door, a lion over another, a bird over the third, and at intervals along the walls he had brought out fighting dogs, ships, fire-engines, Indians in full dress, and bears chasing boys. He had put a new border on the bay-window curtains, striped the legs of the piano, and proceeded to touch up and improve certain chromos and oil paintings hanging on the walls. Father and mother gazed around, and the young artist anxiously waited for them to pat him on the head and say they were proud of such a son. They didn't pat him—not very much. The father placed the son's ear between his thumb and finger, and led him through several rooms to the wood-shed, and what followed may be inferred from a remark dropped by the boy and overheard by a pedestrian: "Oh! father! let up on me, and I'll never be an artist any more."

A True Lady.

"I cannot forbear pointing out to you my dear child," said Lord Collingwood to his daughter, "the great advantage that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people on all occasions. Never forget that you are a gentlewoman, and all your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear, good mother—say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper; but, my child, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than anything else I ever undertook."

THE locust can be heard a sixteenth of a mile. An ordinary man will outweigh fifteen thousand of them. Were his voice proportional to his weight, as that of the locust, he could make himself heard over one thousand miles.

Sping's Mission.

DIALOGUE FOR TWELVE PERSONS.

[CHARACTERS—Spring and attendants. Breezes, four little girls. Sunbeams, two little girls. Rain-drops, three small girls.

SCENE—Enter spring attended by two maids of honor; seats herself in the center of the stage, upon a throne; is crowned by one maid of honor, and receives her sceptre from the other.]

Spring—Old Winter with his ice and his driving storms and biting cold and snow has taken his flight, and left *me* the throne. And now I must at work to beautify the earth for the children of the king who has left it in my care. Hither my little sprites, let me send you upon errands of love.

Breezes—(saying together) You have called us and we are here. Quickly, dear Queen, give us a duty to perform that we may show for you our love.

Spring—Welcome, little Breezes. Verily a faithful servant has his own reward. Go ye and kiss the leafless trees, till they shall put on a garment of shining green. Make me a carpet both bright and soft. Summon the birds from their winter home, to enliven with their sweet strains; soothe the weary laborer, refresh the tired traveller, and do all you can to make better and happier the children of men.

Breezes—(bowing) Away, away we go, to do your bidding. (Exit.)

(ENTER SUNBEAMS.)

Sunbeams—(wearing gift crowns and chanting.)—We are coming—coming—coming—ready to obey your commands.

Spring—Away my little Sunbeams with the Breezes go, and where they bring out leaves, call you the buds and blossoms forth; warm the earth into fertility; cheer the sick; comfort the disheartened, and then return to me. (Exit.)

(ENTER RAINDROPS.)

Raindrops—(Kneeling before Spring) We have heard your sweet voice kind fairy, and have come with the Breezes and the Sunbeams to dress the earth with verdure and with bloom.

Spring—Ah my dear Raindrops! methought you would not be long away when the voice of your Queen you heard. Go refresh the dry earth with your gentle moisture; cool the air with pleasant showers; make music for the weary with your soft patter. Breezes, Sunbeams, and Raindrops, work ye in unison, as sisters in love, and then return and bring me the fruits of your labor. (Exit Raindrops.)

Spring—(Alone with her maids of honor.) Ah, the King has been very good, to give me such *faithful* and *devoted* servants. What *could* I do, on all this large earth, without my dear Raindrops and Breezes to cool the earth, and my bright bright, Sunbeams to gladden and cheer? I would soon weary in the attempt to transform this earth from the cold, barren wilderness that Winter leaves it into anything like the blooming Eden I *hope* to do. Even now, I hear the song of the grass, as it springs on hillside and plain, and valley, and the sweet warbling of the birds, as they sing to each other of their summer home.

(SINGING WITHOUT—

Springtime comes to bring to me
The violet blue 'neath the willow tree.)

Oh a happy Queen am I to own such faithful subjects. List! I hear the tread of their busy feet, as they hasten home with the proofs of their success.

(ENTER ALL.

Breezes, Sunbeams, and Raindrops.—Our labor is ended beloved Queen. We have spread a carpet which the most delicate feet need not fear to tread, dotted here and there with lovely flowers. The trees cast a most refreshing shade, and the air is laden with the perfume of their blossoms. We have cheered the sick and discouraged, revived the weary, and done all in our power to perform faithfully the duty allotted us.

One of the Breezes—(Kneeling before the Queen, with a crown of flowers.) Dear Queen when you sent us forth, you bade us make happier the children of men, and then said, bring me the fruits of your labor. To-day, as I rested from my labors, in a pleasant grove, I heard the voices of youths and maidens in gladsome song as they welcomed the return of Spring. Then I fanned their heated brows, tossed back their curls from their fair young faces, and stooping lifted this crown from the brow of their queen, that you might know that we had accomplished our purpose.

One of the Sunbeams—But I, dear queen, sought a lowly cottage, which my sisters had covered with clinging vines, and as I peeped in at the open window, I shone upon a sick bed whereon reposed a being with a face so *radiant* with happiness. Methinks the angels lingered there. Then I wished, beautiful Queen, that you too might see her. And I caught her Bible, but quickly replaced it, for I knew you would love me less, were I to deprive the sufferer of an only comfort. So I just caught this sweet flower from between her fingers, as I heard the murmur, "Thank God for the sunshine!"

One of the Raindrops—But I, loved Queen, have only this clear shining pebbles to offer, from the river's bed.

Spring—Well done, dear subjects; yours and my task is ended, and now we will resign the throne to the beautiful Summer. May they for whom we have labored, fulfil their duties as conscientiously as we have ours, appreciating, as our Heavenly Father intended, the beautiful home he gives them. (Exit singing.)

Summer is coming, and we must be gone Away, away we go.
Summer is coming, and we must be gone. Away, away we go.

—*Schoolday Magazine.*

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

— Sixty members of the Cambridge Sunday School gave an exhibition of the drama entitled "The Mission of the Fairies" in the Union Hall, and realized a handsome sum for their library.

— A large assembly witnessed the thirty-eighth anniversary exercises of the Shawmut Avenue Sunday School, Sunday afternoon. The report shows that the school, which numbers about two hundred, is in good condition. A larger number of young men and women are regular attendants than is usual in Sunday Schools, a fact which shows the general interest felt,

— A friend in Fitchburg writes: Our Sunday School and congregations were never more largely or regularly attended than now.

MAINE.

— We understand that the Unversalists of this thriving place, Vinalhaven, though they have no settled pastor, have organized a Sunday School independent of the old school, which was a kind of a union affair. It convenes in the school house—a very good place—and is doing finely. Br. W. H, Johnson is the Superintendent of the new school, He is well adapted to the position, and is doing good by his efforts in the school.

I JOHN iv. 20.

How can he love God whom he hath not seen?

"And what will our evening sermon be this time, Andrew?"

"If we have the same sermon that was given in the church this morning it will be all about love."

"About loving who, or what?"

"About loving the unseen God."

"I have thought about that a great deal."

"Have you indeed Jimmy. Why that is a very deep subject for a little boy to be occupied with."

"Well I have really, Andrew, thought of it a great deal."

"And what has your little wise head brought out with its much thinking?"

"Why" said Jimmy deliberately—"I have thought that we can't love God till we have seen Him."

"Don't be too hasty in coming to conclusions' We love persons some times on this earth whom we have not seen.

"I think not very often. It is easy to love father and mother and you Andrew, and the little boys and girls with whom I play at school. I can understand that love. But—

Here Jimmy hesitated and Andrew said:

"Why do you love us with whom you live?"

"Because I know you."

"No Jimmy it is not wholly that. You are acquainted with some people whom you do not love."

"Well, then I love you because you are good to me."

"Well, let us try if we cannot find some persons who are good to us, that we have never seen. Did I not come into mother's room this morning and find you listening very intently to a letter from which she was reading, and did not your eyes glisten when she came to that passage where especial love was sent to you?"

"Yes, Andrew, that letter was from uncle James. I was named for him you know, and he has always been very kind to me."

"But why should you care whether he sent a message to you or not when he is writing to mother?"

"I care, because I love him, and I love to have him love me."

"Why do you love him? You have been nearer than three thousand miles to him since you were born."

"No. But I have heard about him a great deal. Mother is never tired of talking about him. And then he has sent me a great many presents, and he never writes mother without putting in some message for me. It seems as if I had seen him, though to be sure I know that I never have.':

"Then you really think that you love Uncle James?"

"I don't think, I know that I love him."

"And yet you are the little boy who does not know how he can love God because he has not seen Him."

Jimmy hung his head and was silent. Andrew said,

"Now let us see my dear little brother what there is more worthy to call forth your love for this person whom you have not seen, than for the unseen God. First you are related to this man. Have you any relatedness to God?"

"Why yes Andrew. I am his child."

"Then you have heard a great deal about Uncle James. Have you not heard of God in ways to call your thoughts often to him?"

"Yes Andrew. Mother talks to me a great deal about God."

"Your uncle has sent you a great many presents and kind messages, has God given you anything that calls out your gratitude to him?"

"Oh yes Andrew, God has given me everything that I have in the world,

"Do you expect to have, ever any good gift which you do not get from Him?"

"No."

"Then is it not possible for you to love that Being who made you, and keeps you, who both is, and is to be your all sufficient and sustaining friend."

"Oh yes Andrew I am sure I could not have been thinking what I was saying when I so forgot the ever present, though unseen God."

Charade.

My first a nickname you find,
My second, a little word;
A bird of prey, you mind,
Will truly be my third.
My whole a cruel weapon names,
Pages of blood its history claims.

Riddle.

I'm found in loss but not in gain,
If you search there 'twill be in vain.
I'm found in hour but not in day,
And what I am you now may say.

Miscellaneous Questions.

Who should go up from year to year to worship the King, the Lord of hosts? What is said of those who come not up to keep the feast of the tabernacle?

What ordinance were the children of Israel to keep from year to year? Why?

Of whom is it said, "With long life will I satisfy him?" Whose years shall be shortened? Who do not live out half their days? When should we remember our Creator?

Answer to d e.

MARCH 29. Dog.

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